

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



NOVEMBER, 1930

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AN OPEN BOOK

Uncurtained Cosmos, resplendent to the eye,
Through Jove's mandate supreme to grace his soul,
Man finds Demeter, imagination's greatest realm,
The bubbling spring of thought, his one delight.
In ages hoar, man strove by matchless wit
To conquer Neptune, aye, e'en heaven's sphere——
Today Creation bends, subservient to man's will,
To deck his life, like suns adorn the skies.

Intelligence, though dimmed by Adam's fall,
Takes flame again from tomes of world-wide lore;
Erato sings Ulysses' valiant deeds,
Virgilian heroes, perchance great Dante's too;
The characters of Shakespeare resurrect
You'll find in open tomes where all this wealth is held.

Leonard Rancilio '31

THAT OTHER FELLOW



"How about it, Owen, let's take a walk this evening before bending over our usual tasks? I suppose that by this time all the card tables are fully occupied, and we could do nothing besides playing a dreamy game of checkers."

"One item has slipped from your mind, Kenneth," came the reply. "You should know that we could spend several hours at a game of checkers if only we were to resort to some knavish little cautel to prop our eyes open. But your suggestion to take a short stroll suits me splendidly providing you will agree to sit down on the very first bench that comes handy."

As is the case with people of sedentary inclinations, Owen had sharp eyes for a place of rest. There, right between two trees, overhung by the thick foliage of ivy and honeysuckle, an inviting roost for two hove into sight all too soon for Kenneth, who preferred to be hard on the soles of his shoes rather than on the seat of his pants. But Owen's choice lay in the direction of the bench, and as usual he had his way. Once they were both seated, each felt out the mind of the other for a topic of agreeable conversation. The shop talk of the Preparatory Seminary where both were students did not interest them for long. Kenneth soon twisted the conversation on one of their classmates, Joseph Finnerty, whose bad health he sympathetically deplored. That a vacation should be granted to any student in failing health was no more than reasonable, so Kenneth conceded, but he could not refrain from remarking that Joseph Finnerty had been favored repeatedly with lengthy periods of free time. It was these repeated favors, so frequently employed by Joseph Finnerty, that now

made Kenneth turn to Owen in suspicious questioning.

"Do you know," he began, "that there is a noticeable change in the conduct and application of Joseph Finnerty as a result of his numerous vacations?"

"Are you pleased to insinuate," Owen countered, "that our friend, Finnerty, has turned fickle-minded, has developed some degree of headiness in consequence of his vacations, or do you merely imply that his blazing hair has turned a few shades lighter?"

"No, don't trouble yourself about his looks," Kenneth warned. "Of course there are some who venture the opinion that the few freckles and the goodly auburn hair of our vacationizing friend make him a most handsome fellow. But all this is beside the mark. Don't you notice anything singular in his actions?"

"A trifling change, well, yes," Owen admitted. "Finnerty has prolonged his devotions in chapel, has become more reserved in speech, has played fewer sets of tennis during the past weeks than was usual with him. There is besides a show of politeness in his conduct of late that might very well make anybody surmise that he whiles away his time in rather fancy company during the vacations that are allowed to him."

"Just it, just it exactly," Kenneth interposed. "His is a politeness that has the smell of perfume about it. Let me see; was it not quite recently that a student remarked within my hearing that Finnerty has turned so genteel that his speech, his dress, and his walk suggest the scent of the Cuban Lotus? Is it possible that this particular fellow gains more insight into the minds of others by his shrewd intuition than we gain by talk and association? Cuban Lotus, by Jupiter! There you have it. May it not be a

fact that Joseph Finnerty has motives ulterior to poor health in taking his rather frequent vacations?"

"Coming to think of it," Owen resumed, "your suspicions supply good grounds for the thoughts that I at this moment entertain. This idea of the Cuban Lotus makes me smell a trail. Can it be that the letters that I have posted secretly upon the request of Joseph Finnerty, letters addressed to Miss Harriet Blanchard, could furnish a clue to his repeated cases of physical indisposition? Believe me, Kenneth, this thought annoys me. Did I do wrong in this matter? Of course I did. It has often been said that talk about others repays those who carry it on with chagrin. That is my case right now. I suspect that I am guilty of a misdemeanor; I have violated the rules of the institution, and that, too, in a serious manner. I feel the creeps, Kenneth, the real creeps."

"If that is what you did, Owen, mail letters on the quiet for our friend, Finnerty, you have good reasons to feel the creeps. One thing is certain, old boy, that if the Prefect of discipline gets wind of your gallant services in a matter of this nature, he will make the creeps creep all over you. But I have heard it claimed by others that Miss Blanchard is Finnerty's cousin. This circumstance may mitigate your guilt by at least a trifle."

"Cousin, bah, cousin! I know people whose number of cousins always equals the number of their own birthdays raised to the tenth power. You know, Kenneth," ventured Owen, "that in the days of old Don Quixote, as the story by that name has it, the appellation, cousin, was used to cover a multitude of sins. Miss Blanchard is no more cousin to Finnerty than is an African Zulu. It is a plain case of a foolish love affair, and that fellow, upon my word, is en-

dangering his vocation to the priesthood. Fool that I was to mail letters for that fool to a third fool. Who of the three is the biggest fool. tell me that will you?"

"I declare, there goes Joseph Finnerty now," Kenneth observed. "He is on his way to the chapel. By the way he fingers his beads a person would be led to believe him to be the most pious student in all this Preparatory Seminary. After all, I think that in the course of our conversation we have wronged him."

"If it were not for the fact that I have evidence to the contrary," replied Owen, "I would be glad to concur in your opinion. What say you about this, Kenneth, right here in my hip pocket I have a letter from Miss Blanchard that I am to slip into the hands of Finnerty. Here it is. Hold! For the first time I notice that strange perfume. Smell it, will you? Does it smell like cousin?"

"Upon my life! Truly, the scent of the Cuban Lotus! I do not pretend to be a connoisseur of perfumes, but this exhalation accords so perfectly with the manner of speech, dress, and walk lately adopted by Finnerty that the opinion expressed by that particular student whose conversation I overheard with respect to these matters gives me an inkling that he knows more about Finnerty's affairs than either you or I do, Owen. Who knows but what the authorities of the institution know all about it already? Nurse your creeps, old boy, you may be called on the carpet at any moment. You surely have gotten yourself into a fine mess. Will you hand the letter to Finnerty?"

"Not if there is any honor left in me," Owen re-

plied to Kenneth's jibing spurts. "Here is the letter all in shreds. May the wind that blows them away blow my troubles over also. I did not have the least idea that others on this place knew anything of Finnerty's doings. That student whose remarks concerning all this matter came to you by chance is well known to me. He is a quiet and self-centered individual who seemingly has a nose better adapted for sniffing a trail than has a bloodhound. The one thing I shall do is make a clean breast of it all, and show that I was an innocent dupe who could not tell the difference between the scent of the Cuban Lotus and that of a ragweed. To me they both may smell like cousin or like no relation at all. But as to us, it is now time to take to our books. The class bell will soon give the alarm. Just one thing more, the tracks of my underground railway are torn up. Creeps, be gone!"

For the ensuing days Kenneth and Owen found themselves steeped in work. The term examinations were in the offing, and their lessons turned their minds from Finnerty and his escapades. Rumor, however, spread that a petition for a vacation, based on the plea of ill health, had again been made by their friend. The request had been refused, and a trunk bearing the name of Joseph Finnerty had been called for by the drayman. As the rumor persisted, Kenneth slyly remarked to Owen,

"Followed the scent of the Cuban Lotus."

"Perhaps," replied Owen, "but we may be all wrong. Finnerty never was a sturdy lad, and it may be that he was advised to quit because of ill health."

Weeks slipped by, and nothing more was heard of Joseph Finnerty. Gradually though rumor of him

became very rife and caused much laughter at the Preparatory Seminary. The student who had been the first to drop some remark about the Cuban Lotus let it be known that he was wise to the way in which fortune was dealing with Finnerty. He explained that he nosed out the fact that Finnerty had really given up his studies in order to court Harriet Blanchard; that Miss Blanchard's letters had merely been of the social kind written in reply to those received from a sense of etiquette, and that when Finnerty had come to her home with a machine for the purpose of taking her out for a spin, Miss Blanchard's mother had politely informed him that a spin was not in order, but that congratulations for Harriet were in order, as she had been married just on the previous day. This news was greeted by a roar of guffaws in which Kenneth and Owen loudly joined.

"But," queried Owen, "how and by what means does this curious fellow come by all that he knows concerning the most secret doings of others? Likely as not he knows what part I had in the exchange of those foolish letters that were entrusted to me. Positively, he appears to possess so keen a nose for news that he could smell a rose through a brick wall."

"Don't pay any attention to these trifles," Kenneth urged, "for did you not hear, Owen, that the fellow also reported that Joseph Finnerty is determined to return to his studies? If only he will return, all may be well with him as time advances."

Yet nobody at the Preparatory Seminary believed that Finnerty would return, until all of a sudden, after six more weeks had passed, who should walk up to Kenneth and Owen on the campus but their old friend believed to have gone utterly astray.

"Hello, pals," Joseph Finnerty greeted cheerfully. "I am back as you see, but I may as well tell you at once that it took a lot of begging and promising before I was allowed to return. Of course I am here on condition, just as a dupe ought to be, but I shall be careful not to play the game of dupe again. Kindly permit me to explain——."

"No explanation is needed," interrupted Owen, "Kenneth and I know your sauce. But let me tell you that in me you have dupe number two. I am also conditioned because I managed the underground railroad for—well—you recall, don't you?"

"Now, lads, listen, there is but one thing to do in this matter and that is to beg pardon and give pardon. I am doing the begging, and, believe me, I am doing it most heartily. I hope to be myself again, and I expect that this day—the day of the meeting of dupes——will put an effectual end to our nonsense. How about it? Let's be happy in one another's company. As to our conditioning, well, no matter how long or how hard the trial may be, we shall stick it out and shall go forward triumphant until we reach our goal."

The resolution was well taken. Kenneth no longer talked about "that other fellow"; Owen closed his post office, and Joseph Finnerty would have nothing more of the Cuban Lotus.

Urban Hoorman '31

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.—Whittier.

AT CERES' CALL

The harvest moon blinks in the sky
The wheat is stacked; its heart is torn:
Bleak frost awaits; the flowers die:
All nature weeps; its creatures mourn.

Afar the swallow calls his mate;
The robin gives his sad farewell;
The cold now comes with frowning hate
For us who in this dale must dwell.

The stream is framed with nature's glass;
Drear winds wail moaningly and low;
The night now comes; the day must pass
The Lord's supremacy to show.

O turn to God! things seem to say,
Earth's tenuous joys amount to naught,
Fear not the night, there will be day;
Stay not in doubt, be humbly taught.
John T. Spalding '31

WHAT ABOUT THE PAST?

When a person has satisfied a healthy appetite with an excellent meal, the desire for complete relaxation steals irresistibly upon him. Following "the line of least resistance" he proceeds to the practical details incidental to after-dinner comfort. The methods of proceeding, of course, vary with the individual's inclinations. One may consider a couple hours' snooze as the nearest approach to terrestrial bliss; another, if he be a voluble talker, and provided that he can find a listener who is willing to keep his mouth shut, may wish to air a few ideas. Speech-making and

dish-washing also come in for their share of popularity as after dinner diversions. But to a man who can settle himself into his leather armchair, puff complacently at a good cigar and leisurely read the news of the day, other formulas for relaxation appear decidedly inferior, for he can recline comfortably in the fullness of his contentment and survey the course of the world from the handy pages of the day's press.

Headlines serve as an excellent springboard for his daily plunge into the sea of world news. He can tell at a glance just how many rum-runners were sent into oblivion recently; he can inform anybody without the trouble of reading through more than half a column why the world conference for Naval Disarmament didn't do any disarming as yet; he can duly deplore the latest catastrophe in the sport world; he can note the chaotic fluctuations of the stock markets, and at the end, thank his lucky star that he is endowed with enough grey matter in his brain cells to steer clear of money worries. He smiles demurely at the antics of Moon Mullins and wonders a bit at the mature philosophy displayed in the sayings of Little Orphan Annie; he nods his head either in approbation or vehement dissent when he reads the comments of the editor on questions away beyond his understanding; he marvels at the newest developments of science, the amazing progress made in aviation during the past decade, the splendors of the modern stage, the glories of modern art and literature, in short, the triumphs of civilization in his own age which are bringing to him personal comfort and convenience, widening his scope of attainment in the social and industrial world, assuring his children of glorious opportunity for self-education and ad-

vancement, and in general making the world a better place for the enjoyment of life.

As his mind is thus all aglow, he, in the fullness of his heart, contemplates the misery and unenlightenment of the past ages as compared to his own. He bewails the utter lack of that progress which is so strongly characteristic of his own times. What, he asks, have the people of by-gone ages contributed to further advancement of the human race? Granted that they possibly knew a thing or two about literature, architecture, sculpture, or for that matter, about the "art of war", but when it comes to sciences, they were certainly groping in the dark. Why, he asks, haven't the peoples of antiquity and of even later times been granted the advantages of scientific discovery and invention which the world enjoys today? Was it probably because of their ignorance, inability, or unwillingness to work? Whatever the reason may be, he feels that he ought to pity these people and he "thanks God that his day is not like that age which has mercifully buried its dead." He throws aside the paper, takes another puff at his fast disappearing cigar and settles deeper into the capacious depths of his armchair, infinitely satisfied with the world and himself.

But does the thinking man agree with the self-satisfied musings of our friend in the armchair? Does he too, sometimes forget in his enthusiastic appreciation of current triumphs in the intellectual, artistic, social and industrial worlds, the incalculable debt which a man owes to antiquity? Surely, common sense will not allow anyone to issue a sweeping indictment against the accomplishments of former ages. Even a moment's thought should convince a person that the knowledge of the arts and sciences

accumulated today is not the result merely of the efforts of a decade or even of a century. Progress, to him, in every sense of the word implying as it does, a going forward, constitutes a growth covering many ages, taking its origin even from the time of Adam's days in Paradise. He rather agrees with Montaigne, when that great essayist says that "the Sciences and Arts are not cast into a mold, but rather little by little formed and shaped by often handling and polishing them over; even as bears fashion their young whelps by often licking them."

Our friend in the armchair is very gracious, seemingly, in conceding that the ancients knew a thing or two about literature, architecture and sculpture, but does he fully realize the immensity of that "thing or two?" Does he remember from his school-days that the modern epic poets for example "are infinitely excelled in propriety of design, of sentiment and style, by Homer and Virgil" and that "Milton himself cannot be said with candor and impartiality to have excelled either of these in sublimity and variety of his thoughts, or in the strength and majesty of his diction?" Does he know that despite the immortality that Shakespeare has achieved in the dramatic field by his superb works, that the old Greek dramatists, while they do not, by any means, come anywhere near Shakespeare in his strokes of nature and character, do excel him vastly in all other circumstances that constitute the excellence of the drama? Does he not know that the maze and intricacies of modern plots, defeating as they do, the very ends of the drama, suffer immeasurably when compared with the "simplicity of every single action, speech, sentiment, and scene concurring to quicken the development of the plot", which characterizes the works of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides?

Do not the wonderful specimens of sculpture left to us from ancient times speak to him eloquently of an extraordinary genius in that art? The statues which have been left to us, as the "Hercules" and the "Laocoon", have never been equaled in their demonstration of human passion. Carlo Marat, in attempting to copy the head of the "Venus de Milo" had to give up in despair, saying that it was impossible for him to achieve half the grace and perfection of his model. Does not this tribute, given by one of the foremost of modern artists, argue strongly for the worth of ancient achievement?

Similarly one may cite numerous other examples where the ancients achieved par excellence in the fine arts. No modern oratory, be it ever so brilliant, can equal Demosthenes and Tully in their forensic masterpieces "which abound in such sublimity as whirls away the auditor like a mighty torrent and pierces the innermost recesses of his heart like a flash of lightning." Then too, modern architecture in all its truest and most legitimate forms is still based absolutely upon the five fundamental forms used in ancient times. It is needless to be argumentative in order to establish this point in one's mind, for the imposing ruins of temples, amphi theatres, arches, columns, and aqueducts left to the world bear ample witness to the supreme excellence of ancient architecture.

Granted then, the self-satisfied one in the arm-chair concedes, that the old-timers did know more than a "thing or two" concerning the fine arts, but what did they know about the sciences, physics, medicine, and astronomy, which stand today as the glory of the present age? One might answer by stating that, although the present age of all history has seen

the greatest advancement in the sciences, all preceding centuries have nevertheless made their contribution to the sum total, if not by actual experimental and practical application of the theories of science, at least by arriving at the knowledge of those theories through observation and deep thought. Evidence of this fact is to be found by searching the scientific works of antiquity and thereby ascertain for one's self the surprising extent of this knowledge. Lucretius' "De Rerum Natura" particularly is representative in a very comprehensive degree. Such questions stirring modern thought as the atomic theory and evolution are discussed quite at length in this work and theories substantiated today by experimental proof such as the indestructibility of matter are clearly stated. It would certainly be most interesting to know just how many modern inventions are based on the natural, fundamental principles enumerated in this old scientific work of the Roman, Lucretius.

Thus, it may be clearly seen that in order to know and appreciate the present rightly, one must possess a full knowledge of the past. He who does not know the things of the past runs the danger of attaining to an erroneous perspective of modern times and may come to the false conclusion that the ancients never had any good ideas of their own, and like our friend taking his after-dinner relaxation, he may become obsessed with an illiberal view of history which is only indicative of narrow-mindedness and ignorance.

Thomas Clayton '31

Cheerfulness is full of significance; it suggests good health, a clear conscience, and a soul at peace with all human nature.—Charles Kingsley.

THE NOTES OF AUTUMN

There is a tang in the northern winds
Which sweep o'er the hill tops sere
So recklessly.

Gusts mount from moans to harsh shrieking tones
And play on a thousand keys
Mad harmony.

Blasts whip the blood in my pulsing heart,
And send to my cheeks a glow
In ecstasy.

Leaves brush my face and flit dancing by;
They're lost in this whirling waltz
Of melody.

Birds trek the skies toward the setting sun
And reel in the joggling wind's
Rude flattery.

Such are the notes from gay autumn's harp
That's stroked by some elfin hands
In fantasy.

J. F. Szaniszlo '31

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.—Bacon.

WHAT'S THE HURRY?

"A-ah!" exclaims the speed maniac as he makes his speedometer register "90"; and then an "Uh!" as he crashes into a telephone pole and expedites his little tete-a-tete with his old friend and sparring partner Mephistopheles.

"Ha, ha!" says the manufacturing magnate as he extracts from some part of his "caput" the wonderful idea of how to make eight thousand instead of seven thousand and sixty hair pins per second. This industrial genius then honors us poor readers with his picture in some success magazine and proceeds to tell us (very modestly), how he started his career by selling shoe-strings and collecting "Bull Durham" tags.

Certainly, today is the age of progress; at least so experts claim. But is it real progress? This hair pin genius in his startling article forgot to mention that with the advent of his machine he, indeed, fattened his own bank-roll but discharged ten of his employees. What's the use of speeding up the production of hair pins, if it is liable to put bread and butter above the reach of beggars? But with this social problem I am not concerned; my thesis is the futility of speed.

"Speed, speed and some more speed," is the din. What is the reason? Oh, yes, people are in a hurry. They are commuters full of vim and vigor on their way to work—in a hurry; they are the same commuters not so full of vim returning home—still in a hurry. They cross the continent in a day; they dream about being shot across the ocean in a rocket—they MUST be in a hurry.

I am amused particularly at the close of summer

days when my special friend returns from his tour and tells me about his splendid, magnificent trip. "Why I actually covered five hundred and thirty-seven miles in one day. Isn't that grand?" He generally says this as I open the window to give him room to expand his chest. "Sure" I answer, "but I thought you were touring and not advertising the Hercules coast to coast tires." Upon a little cross examination, I always find that the only things he really saw on his roaring journey were road maps and gasoline stations. He did not realize that he passed brooks like the one that set Tennyson's mind to wander from the realms of reality into the fields of imagination. As he sped along, a brook was not a dancing brook, but water to be avoided. The hills, likewise, were "hazards" to be overcome and were not to be reminiscent of the lore, that stirred the mind of either a Bryant or a Wordsworth. He got his speed, but lost all else.

"We want speed" clamors the public. Everything must show despatch, or else it is worthless. I shall not attempt to record the words that are hurled at the motorist, who leisurely rides along the road and is trying to enjoy nature at its best, for the speed demons there is nothing good, better or best in nature; there may only be bad, worse, worst. I remember one case distinctly of a young motorist zigzagging through a line of cars. Apparently he was in a big hurry. To my utter surprise as I passed this same fellow about a mile up the road where he had parked his car, I discerned him sitting tranquilly with his feet cocked upon the steering wheel, as if all of a sudden time had opened an eternity for him. While he was on the move, however, every risk had to be dared in the hope of experiencing the thrill of going through the windshield. There should be a proverb:

A fool and his motor car will soon be separated.

Although born in this age, it seems as if I must have been created ages ago and preserved until now, for I have never been able to adjust myself to the idea of speed. My statement in a preceding paragraph respecting the hair-pin magnate will easily prove my contention, for what "up-to-the-minute" man would bother very much about manufacturing hair pins in this day and age of short tresses. I'll admit that at times I am slow enough to get into trouble, for I have the ornery knack of coming late. My chum always fixes an appointment with me for fifteen minutes before the actual time, for then I never delay him.

On my part, however, I don't see any need for straining a ligament in trying to save a few seconds. I remember my old grandfather (may God rest his soul) becoming badly excited if he happened to be still at home when the clock struck eight, though Sunday Mass was to start only at nine. He usually arrived at the church before one-half of the preceding services was finished so that he had to play wall-flower while leaning against the church for the major part of an hour. On the other hand my grandmother was just the opposite; she would do this and then that, always saying, "Oh, I'll get there, don't you worry, Daddy." She did get there too, sometimes a minute late, but always before it was too late.

Now, how is this time problem to be figured out? In this homely world people have twenty-four hours to a day. No matter how much they hurry they cannot squeeze out more than sixty seconds to the minute or sixty minutes to the hour. Supposing they do work themselves into a frenzy and "save" ten minutes or half an hour, what do they gain? Practically nothing, for in their haste they have passed

up what was beautiful to behold, or perhaps have injured someone's feelings with hasty words, and maybe their own by over-exertion. My grandfather spoiled his mornings in his anxiety to be on time and then had to wait. My grandmother took her time, enjoyed herself, and got there just the same.

I am a firm believer in that terrible fault—procrastination. If I do delay an action to the last minute, there are nine chances out of ten that I shall do the job better than if I had worked on it immediately. Some wise men say (they surely ought to know) that a stitch in time saves nine. To this I always add: "Perhaps the nine will never open up, who knows?" Then too, some one else may do the job. I believe in this, "don't try to cross the bridge before you come to it"—you may hit a telephone pole, or the bridge may come down the road to meet you—crash!

It is needless to mention it, for the conclusion is evident, that I am fundamentally a sluggard; consequently I do not intend to hurry on any journey or to "hustle" on any job. The slogan "Watch your step" justifies my slow but sure gait. An ancient exponent of this fine philosophy was none other than the renowned Confucius, who, before entering a carriage or using a stairway would stop and carefully note whether there was any chance of stumbling or misstepping. Chop sticks and cues are not in my line, but this little motto certainly is. I believe in accepting things as they come, in trying to get as much pleasure and happiness out of the present as possible and in letting the future take care of itself. If it is true that all great men are ahead of their times, then everybody may well take it for granted that I shall never get beyond the first rung on the ladder of success.

On any future occasion, my dear friend, when a fellow bumps into you as he passes in a terrible hurry, face about, square your jaw, hunch your shoulders, clench your fists—let him pass. And as he passes, do not sneer at him, but open up your heart in pity, because the poor creature is missing half his life. Some people may shout "Let's go!" But I say "What's the hurry!"

Joseph A. Otte '32

DEAD——BUT NOT DYING

In this day of quick-moving, quick-thinking and quick-acting people whose chief concerns are stock markets, aerial transportation and political scandals, it is well to turn back for a few moments and contemplate the peaceful and calm life which permeated the soul of Rome's 'illustrissimus,'—a man, who after two thousand years of existence is not only modern, but even ultra-modern in his ideas and views. Indeed, anyone who has withstood the ravages of time and has eluded them must be ultra-modern.

A man of this staunch caliber was Publius Vergilius Maro, whose two thousandth birthday was universally celebrated on the fifteenth of October of the present year. Of poor, but austere and deeply religious parents came this human monument of antiquity, this beacon of a happy life. When parents are deeply concerned with the future of their children, assuring them of the best by a careful and systematic education, and when the child is as deeply concerned as his parents, a thorough education is inevitable. Such was the case with Vergil. His earliest training, which was called the grammar course, and consisted of reading, writing, composition and the study of literature, was obtained at

Mantua, his birthplace. When he assumed the toga virilis on his fifteenth birthday, he repaired to Milan to continue his studies, and from there to Rome where he completed his education.

Despite his ardent efforts to succeed in every kind of undertaking, his first enterprise was an utter failure. Spurred on by Cicero's unparalleled success, he took up the study of law, only to find that his ability lay in another field.

To Caesar Augustus, the world owes a debt of gratitude for giving Vergil to mankind. "It was he," says Donatus, "who brought Rome's poetic genius to the fore, and forced the world to recognize the Aeneid as a parallel to the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer."

Even in his earlier works, Vergil secures claim to recognition, for it is in his Eclogues that the world gets a glimpse at first hand of his pious and ardently virtuous nature. Indeed, he came to be looked upon as a prophet by Christian Europe because of two lines in his fourth Eclogue, written approximately forty years before the birth of Christ:-

"Once more the Virgin comes and Saturn's reign;
Behold a heaven-born offspring earthward hies."

For an enormous task, involving great responsibility, thorough and careful preparation is necessary, but a more important requisite is ability to perform the task in view. When Vergil began his Aeneid he was confronted by such a task—he was preparing to give his people a history of the mightiest of cities, 'urbs Roma.' As Rome was not built in a day, so also with this mighty epic. In fact, just as Rome's history has never been completed, so also the epic that involves this history remains incomplete. But who would not be content to leave all master-

pieces unfinished if only they could stand alone, as does the history of Rome's founding.

In all literature there is no story so complete and yet unfinished; no plot so gripping and yet so powerful; no hardship so intense and yet so heroic as are those found in the Aeneid. No one other story lifts its readers into the unknown ether, rocks them on billowy seas, and transports them into the very abyss of hell with so much adroitness and ease as does this colorful poem. In no other model of literature are all models for style and expression so vividly portrayed and so excellently fulfilled as in the Aeneid.

William's fine criticism of this masterpiece of literary art gives a significant insight into its make-up: "In the sixth book," he says, "which is the moral climax of the poem, Vergil sets forth in terms of ethics that most genuine part of a Roman's faith, the religion of the dead. It deals with the problem of the individual, and the life after death with redresses, both for successful crime and suffering virtue, the wavering scales of earthly justice. His conception of merit is Roman, social, humane. The family, the state, the whole unfolding of Roman story have their causes in an unseen, diviner world--By such thoughts was Vergil's name endeared to the Christian Rome, that was to rise on the ruins of what the Caesars had wrought. His visions are cloudy; and nothing is clear but the seriousness of his conviction that only righteousness builds nations, and only righteous souls abide in lasting joy."

To contend that Vergil created a perpetual memorial to himself is to say precious little. Through his diversified productions and especially his Aeneid, this poetic genius of Rome has given the world a higher and nobler incentive, a broader and more

creative imagination, together with a craving and a desire for cultural advancement. For this one reason the world could well afford to pay tribute to Rome's favored son, but it has another reason as well. For centuries he has been the model and source of material for authors who realized his true worth and strong appeal. Dante, Italy's greatest poet, and for that matter one of the world's greatest, copied the most famous section of his *Divina Comedia*, the *Inferno*, from the sixth book of the *Aeneid*. Dryden, an outstanding luminary of English literature established his right to a place in the pantheon of letters by his translations of Vergil's greatest works.

Although, in the world's opinion, the *Aeneid* is Vergil's masterpiece, it does not hold that same position in the minds of all literary authors. Macaulay preferred the *Eclogues* to all the other works of Virgil. "The *Georgics*," says Dryden, "are more perfect in their kind than even the divine *Aeneids*." And thus the list continues, each man with his favorite work, but each with the same author—Vergil.

Thus, down through the ages has gone this bearer of culture and inspiration; through twenty-one centuries his name has stood as a tablet of bronze,—a guide to the wayfarer, a warning to the arrogant. And as it has been in the past, thus through the centuries that are to come, he will continue old, yet ever new; dead, yet never dying.

John T. Spalding '31

A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION

The Taj Mahal in far off mystic India is indeed a jewel among the tombs of the world! Its dazzling whiteness during the day, its pale splendor on moonlit evenings fascinates the summer itinerant as a fresh

rose does the honey bee. A mountain climber wandering among some thick underbrush suddenly comes to a wide opening and gasps in surprise at the exquisite cameo-like picture in the valley below! How is not the sensitive soul of the music lover swayed by the airy allegretto and plaintive adagio evoked by the touch of the master organist? A child strolling with its nurse in the park is attracted by the silken blue of a flitting jay. Beauty, then, is a quality which lures man whether it be in his own handiwork or in nature. From the many monuments that add glory to the accomplishments of the human race because of their beauty, I shall select one, namely, literature, that stands unrivaled among its competitors.

Willmot, in expressing his sentiments concerning literature, writes that "it is the immortality of speech." What a fitting synonym! Were it not for the carefully preserved papyrus leaves of the Egyptians, the clay tablets of the Assyrians, and the palm leaves of the Phoenicians, popular knowledge concerning their ideals of life, industries, and glorious battles would be badly limited. We of the present could not march with Xenophon to battle, nor wander homeward with brave Ulysses, nor burn with Cicero's fury as he delivers his fiery orations in the senate chamber. All the engrossing details of these matters could not be ours.

Oral tradition would, undoubtedly, be our next best informer. But to see and read with our own eyes, to feel and live over again the triumphs of the past, is plainly to be preferred. Again, oral tradition would change the reliability of many a story. To substantiate this statement we need allude only to a number of witnesses called upon to give testimony in a suit at law. One person swears solemnly that

his eyes did not deceive him—the color of the criminal's hair was red. Another strongly disproves this contention by asserting that the color was dark brown. In comparing the two sources of information therefore, written records are the more desirable; for the written record has the authority of hoary ages behind it, while the oral word can be twisted as the narrator's mood may dictate.

Literature, moreover, brings us into closer contact with the greatest of intellects. This is an added incentive for inspiration. Distinguished minds have always produced memorable works. St. Augustine, Aristotle, Goethe, Shakespeare, and others are only a few belonging to the "immortal list". In reading them we notice a difference in the caliber of their thoughts. There is a certain nobleness and elevating influence that seems to radiate from their persons—overpowering the intelligent reader. Is this not reason enough that they are found on the shelves of the learned, that they are shining stars in the field of literature, that they are quoted time and time again? Their aspirations sway us, become part of us. They steer us in the progress of existence to ever higher standards of perfection.

Who, after studying Shakespeare's "Macbeth" can still lead a shiftless life if the lines here quoted have stamped themselves upon his heart?

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

Who can doubt the existence of heaven after he has once seen it with the eyes of a Dante? Who can lack inspiration after a careful reading of St.

Augustine? The literature of these men is animated by a lofty purpose. "It is universal in quality; its roots go down deep, its branches spread wide. They (to mention no others) form a glorious company, and association with them will leave its impress upon us." "It is not possible," says Longinus, the Greek critic, "that men who live their lives with mean and servile aims and ideas should produce what is suggestive of immortality."

Inspiration lies in prose and poetry alike providing that they are of the right type. This statement may not be obvious because literature like an "Ode to an Onion" is certainly not an asset to permanent writings. Its candle splutters even as it is being composed. But there are many other literary productions that will repay anyone a thousandfold for only the effort exerted in reading and assimilating them. Cervantes' "Don Quixote" is Spanish in essence, but universal in appeal. In this masterpiece he tells us of "serving boys, of goatherds, of inn-keepers and country wenches and traveling merchants, of the barber with his basin on his head, of Benedictine monks walking under sunshades, of strolling players and a host of others"—a veritable act on life's shifting stage.

It is chiefly, however, from poetry that inspiration flows like the placid sea pours its calm waters into the mighty ocean. Poetry, the language of beauty, has inspired men from the earliest ages. Grecian poetry, for example, is noted for its simplicity, its musical flow and powerful influence; the French lays for their passion; the German, Italian, and English for their comprehensive variety. Russian poetry has of late been showing itself in excellent translations. The following extract from Fet is bet-

ter given in its entirety, else its charm would be lost.

“A whisper, a breath, a shiver,
The trills of the nightingale,
A silver light and a quiver
And a sunlit trail.
The glimmer of light in the shadows of night,
In an endless race
Enchanted changes on the loved one's face,
The blood of the roses tingling
In the clouds, and a gleam in the gray,
And tears and kisses commingling—
The dawn, the dawn, the day!”

What a wealth of inspiration can be gleaned from these few lines! The poetry devotee lives on such choice bits. It is the soul of the poet speaking, and as such cannot fail to be inspirational. How true, indeed, is the statement, “the world's best treasures lie in the wealth of her nations' poetry!”

As long as men of noble minds exist, as long as they inspire mankind by their noble thoughts, so long people will not be wanting in inspiration which is the most choice spice of human life.

Joseph Szaniszlo '31

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—Johnson.

When our friends are present we ought to treat them well; and when they are absent, to speak of them well.—Epictetus.

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The crisp bite in the fresh autumn air is suggestive of pastel scenes in which golden colored pumpkins share the foreground, while orderly rows of shocks of corn and clumps of dried weeds range away into the perspective as the faint rays of the setting sun flicker away at the approach of dusk. What a sight for the lover of that real American bit of pastry—pumpkin pie! What a chance for pranks with jack-o-lanterns! But, pranks aside. The picture speaks of something more important. It tells plainly that winter is edging his way into the landscape, and that fall has but one more real feast to offer, namely, Thanksgiving Day.

Compared with the feast of Thanksgiving, fields of ripening pumpkins excite an interest only secondary in value, for what could be more agreeable to contemplate than a Thanksgiving dinner with its great variety of luscious viands. Of course, the awaiting of a good meal is perfectly well in place, but it should not be allowed to fill out one's idea completely of the meaning attached to the celebrating of this pleasant day. If there was nothing more than a jamboree or a matter of hearty eating attached to this celebration, then the entire occasion would be of trifling consequence. There is a meaning superior to these matters connected with the observance of this particular day, for its name signifies something beyond mere gormandizing and jollification. What was in the minds of those people who at first instituted this celebration should be kept in mind by people of today. In 1623, the first Thanksgiving Day

was, as the name implies, an occasion for rendering thanks to God in return for the blessings of a fruitful year, and it is this idea that should not be dissociated from the day. Since the first Thanksgiving celebration in this our homeland, hundreds of fruitful years have come and gone all of which add to our duty to be increasingly thankful for countless blessings received. Even if hard times have knocked at our doors in the past, and are doing so rather loudly just at present, there is, nevertheless, right at our backs the record of a country that has always found its way through difficulties and, with the help of God, will do so again. For this, too, there is ample reason to be thankful. Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

J. A. S.

We take this early opportunity of encouraging everyone to make himself a contributor to the college journal. Although the number of articles that can be published in each issue is comparatively small, still we feel that a great many new names could be added to the list of faithful contributors who have willingly aided us in the past. Articles need not always be limited to deeply scientific topics, nor need they be restricted to the essay form merely. Good short stories and poems are always welcomed. No matter what the subject may be, its interest and appeal to the reader is a matter of fundamental importance. Personal and vicarious experiences written in an individual style are always interesting. Anyone who happens to be an old contributor should not be content to rest on his laurels; if contributions have not been made up till now, the present is the logical time to begin. Articles published in the college jour-

nal bring the satisfaction of time and effort well spent, and if well written they reflect praise and commendation upon the institution and its standards of education.

C. G. K.

EVENING

The sun across the sea
In wreaths of cloud and mist ablaze
Burns out,
And twilight's on the wing.

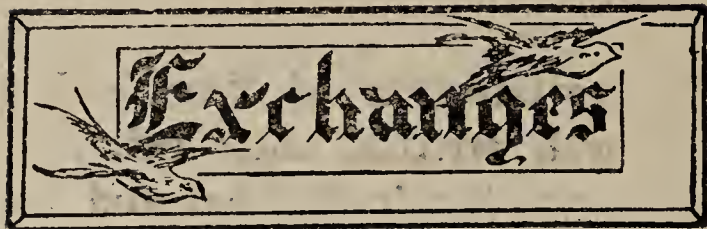
A fir with waving limbs
In silhouette against the sky
Flares up,
Then hides away in night.

One star asserts itself
'Gainst all the light of dying day
And blinks
As sign of evening's sway.

My heart in silent mood
Surveys with joy hard labor's end
Then rests
In hope of sweet reward.

May every evening bring
Fair gleeful strains of song and cheer
To me
Ere night calls for repose.

Robert Nieset '32



The prose and poetic writings of Bernard Burdick in the BLUE AND WHITE, which comes from the Catholic Central High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan, remind us very much of the pastels and poems that reflect a communing with nature. Whatever telepathy exists between him and nature, let it make itself known in future productions. Carol Gordon's "Reverie" is one of those excellent poems that are found so seldom in college papers.

The editors of the OLIVIA possess a happy idea in that they assign a certain subject monthly and have a number of students write brief paragraphs about it. This month's assignment, "If I Were Not Myself" proved enlightening regarding the ever-changing desires of the weaker sex. The OLIVIA is published by students of the Immaculate Conception Academy, Oldenburg, Indiana.

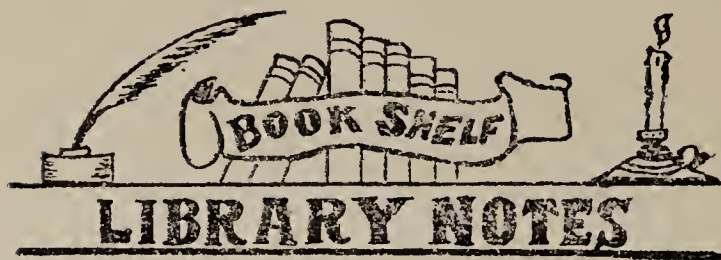
The editorials of the PURPLE AND WHITE from Assumption College gave us much food for thought. To give assurance that we made use of it, we refer you of the PURPLE AND WHITE to an article on Lord Birkenhead in a late Tuesday supplement to the Catholic Daily Tribune. The editors know how to write interestingly and well. We really think that the PURPLE AND WHITE contains some of the best college-journal editorials. We are always very much interested in the Mad Hatter's Exchange Column.

Our first copy of SHADOWS from Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska, came in a few days ago, and we must say that we are more than pleased with it. The editors suggest that "there may be

faint regret" because "it does not emulate HARPER'S or the ATLANTIC MONTHLY." But we have no regrets; in fact, we are happy to see SHADOWS, and hope to see many more. What we considered the 'piece de resistance' was the interesting quartet of poems by Marcella Lindberg. Especially her "A Trinity", which she has taught to sing. The short story "Little Things", as well as the essay defending Donn Byrne prompt us to expect great things of literary Creighton undergraduates.

From Scranton, Pennsylvania, comes one of the best college quarterlies, namely, the Marywood College BAY LEAF. The first issue may well be called a Vergilian tribute. The dedication to Vergil by Frances M. Andrews is candidly one of the finest apostrophic poems to that great poet we have read. And we may as well mention here that all of Miss Andrew's poetry within this issue is deserving of praise. Her style and subjects vary widely from those of Marcella Lindberg in SHADOWS, but they are more poetic, more fine, and more human. No two of her poems have the same theme, or meter scheme, and yet they all bespeak a real poetical refinement. The general atmosphere and attractiveness of the BAY LEAF is something which Marywood College can well consider an advantage.

Acknowledgement is due to the following: BLUE AND WHITE; BROWN AND WHITE; CALUMET COSMOS; CENTRIC; COLORED HARVEST; HIGH SCHOOL NEWS of Ottawa, Ohio; FIELD AFAR; H. C. C. JOURNAL; OLIVIA; PACIFIC STAR; PRINTCRAFTERS; TOWER; COLLEGIAN; BAY LEAF; LOOK-A-HEAD; BLACK AND RED; PILGRIM; RENSSELAERIEN; RED AND BLUE; THE HOUR GLASS; SHADOWS; RATTLER; ST. JOHN'S RECORD.



FOREFATHERS OF OUR GANGSTERS

THE OUTLAW YEARS, by Robert M. Coates.
(Macaulay, \$3.00).

The life of pioneer America on the Natchez Trace was indeed bloody. Robert M. Coates describes this life in his new book "The Outlaw Years," tracing the history of a number of criminals and rogues on a background of frontier life. Beside the accepted conventional picture of the bravery, religion, and uprightness of the pioneers he has drawn the picture of their violence and brutality. And I would say that compared to the Indians of the southern Mississippi, the pioneers of whom Mr. Coates writes were a noisy and flagrant lot.

The sub-title, "History of the Land Pirates of the Natchez Trace, 1800-1835," may serve as a further hint to the material of the volume. This is suffixed in order that no one may think Mr. Coates is writing about contemporary Chicago, or of the U. S. under Prohibition. But, in a sense, "The Outlaw Years" is an introduction to the history of crime of today. Mr. Coates's villains, Hare, Mason, the two mad Harpes and finally the sinister dandy, Murrel, are the predecessors of our modern gang leaders. Their attempts at organized murder and robbery and their tactless procedures to get the law on their side have been developed by the notorious gangs of Chicago and the more cunning racketeers of New York.

There are striking pictures of rough and ready pioneer life in "The Outlaw Years"; pictures of men

and women yielding to the spell of the wilderness, ready to risk their lives in the dark forests against unknown odds, (of which the outlaws were the most formidable), and to be found later lying on the blood-soaked ground tortured, mutilated and robbed. Here and there occurs a scene of posses of vigilantes, cutting through the formalities of the law to capture and strike down—as often as not—the wrong people.

Mr. Coates has told in a dramatic manner how the outlaws were brought to account; how their power was broken; how their lawlessness ended with the vanishing of the wilderness. All this he tells in animated and adventurous color, with an excellent taste for setting.

EARLY PRAIRIE LIFE

BLACK SOIL, by Josephine Donovan. (Stratford, \$2.50).

“Black Soil” relates the story of two Irish-Americans, Tim and Nell Connor, who go to Iowa in pioneer days and establish a home on a hundred and sixty acre farm of rolling prairie land. To them, life is one ceaseless battle against hardships, oppressions, and misfortunes, until finally the coming of the railroad brings them the reward for their struggles. The very first crop, after they have uprooted the flowers and prepared the fertile black soil for grain, is beaten down and ruined by rain and hail. During Tim’s absence the second standing is utterly destroyed by a sweeping prairie fire and the lives of his wife and children are endangered.

Other settlers, in the meantime, join the Connors—Dutch, Germans and Luxemburgers. Here, fighting for mere existence, these foreigners quickly forget their feuds and class distinctions. Many give up

in despair and leave this seemingly God-forsaken prairie. Not so the Connors! Tim's comment on the matter splendidly reveals his character: "God is good. It's a free country—If you haven't shoes, you can go barefoot."

Then the mortgage and the debts caused by these extreme disasters! Surely the crops looked promising this year. But, no! not even this season nor the following was to bring a "lucky break." Grasshoppers, millions of them! cover all with their green bodies and strip the fields bare of waving grain. The settlers' monuments to toil, to patience, to the goodness of God are gone. Still, the winter's blizzards, the prairie fires, the slimy grasshoppers and the Indians pass away,—but the mortgage? The mortgage remains—even greater than previously. The only alternative for the Connor family is for Tim to peddle cutlery in the towns farther East in order to procure a few of the necessities for common sustenance.

Even though it often means neglect of their own family and farm, Tim and Nell are ever ready to assist their neighbors: Tom, to accompany any of them to town to fix up some financial or legal difficulty; Nell, to leave her numerous children and run to the side of a sick neighbor. Her Christian confidence in God, her tact and sympathy, make her loved throughout the community. Together the Connors and their neighbors toil to live, together they feel the cold winds of winter, and together they see their crops devastated. The sorrow or happiness of one is the happiness or sorrow of all.

In "Black Soil," children are children (not artificial but real), and they prove that beauty of soul and body is not necessarily found among the aristocrats alone. They grow up influenced by nature

and the life around them. They look for adventure and love, and love and adventure find them here.

"Black Soil" is the type of story that one's pioneer grandparents love to tell on long wintry evenings when they are in a reminiscent frame of mind, and their grandchildren are congregated about the family hearth. It is a vividly realistic novel of the best type: it has humor and pathos, it has all the colors of the spectral lives of the early Iowan settlers. Mrs. Donovan equals Hamlin Garland in his portraiture of life along the Middle-Border. She writes in an exclusively personal, artistic style—a style permeated with the spirit of the times about which she tells.

Personally, I think that "Black Soil" is far and away the best bit of realism I have read since "All Quiet on the Western Front" or "The Way it Was with Them." It is the Extension Magazine and Stratford \$2,000.00 prize novel, and the September selection of the Catholic Book Club.



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A literary program was the first presentation of the C. L. S. for this year, and it was a success that evidently indicates the high aim of the society. When the curtain rang down on the last feature, the audience felt that they had received more than they had bargained for at their entrance.

Leonard Cross, in a novel introductory address, presented the newly elected president of the C. L. S.

Lawrence Grothouse. The subject of Mr. Grothouse's talk was an enthusiastic delineation of the admirable character of the Discoverer of America, Christopher Columbus.

The debate of the evening held the floor as the next event. "Resolved, that the World's Fair to be held in Chicago in 1933, would be a waste of time and money." Ralph Boker, the affirmative, was awarded a close decision over Joseph Sheeran, the negative. John Spalding, in a very clever imitation of a New England rustic, brought down the applause of the audience time and again in the course of his recital, "How Ruby Played."

"The Copy", a one act drama, was the chief attraction of the evening. The plot is layed in the city-room of a raring metropolitan newspaper office, which at first appearance presents a group of hack writers engaged in typing and strewing the floor with proof sheets. Everybody is taken up with doing nothing in particular, until the city editor arrives. Then each one is assigned a column to make up in any way possible. News is dead. David Lay, city editor, tells the boys that he has sent his wife and daughter on a Sunday school picnic. Meanwhile the old stuff is threshed for what may be put out as big news, but there is just nothing to hold the interest of the people. To break the lull a telephone rings. A real scoop is being nosed out. A certain steamer bound on an excursion has taken fire. It is an old tub. The shipping company has been playing a racket with the insurance business. Needless loss of life. It is a Sunday school picnic crowd of children that is being sacrificed. The ship is the one that Lay's wife and child had decided to take to the picnic. Casualty lists are being hurried out;

among the names are those of the editor's wife and child. A lunch box with the little girl's name is the source of information. Gritting his teeth, Lay oversees the compilation of the extra, and then gives vent to his grief. But—lo, and behold, a message bearing the news that, due to an unforeseen delay, Mrs. Lay and her daughter have missed the boat and are at home safe and happy.

The cast of the production are; David Lay, Francis Kienly; Adams, Bela Szemetko; Thomas, Joseph Shaw; Pratt, Lawrence Ernst; Jimmy, Bernard Hartlage; Wilson, Charles Maloney; Baldwin, Stephen Tatar.

The College orchestra made its debut by the rendition of several well-known classics. Under the baton of Professor Tonner, "Serenata" by Moszkowski, "Minuet in G" by Beethoven, and "Overture Light Cavalry" by Von Suppe, were the headliners of the musical feature. Judging from the way the big hand encored the orchestra, its first appearance is the keynote to success for the ensuing year.

NEWMAN CLUB

After long and serious deliberation the Newmanites finally have chosen their respective officials. Those to whom the business of the club has been entrusted are; William Egolf, president; Michael Vichuras, vice president; James Schaleman, secretary; John Zink, treasurer; Kenneth Hurlow, critic; Joseph Leon, marshal; Raymond Leonard, Frederick Follmar and Leo Frye in the capacity of executive committee. The installation of officers added pep to the meetings and in each succeeding session the members have been making the meetings a real whole-hearted success. More power to you, Newmans, and let us witness

the result of your progress very soon in a public presentation.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

With as much zeal in the second meeting as in the first, the Unit went into action for the coming year. All details of business having been attended to, the newly elected president and other officials made their formal entry into office by the customary speeches and resolutions. In addition to the regular routine of procedure the members were entertained with an exceedingly humorous monologue by the versatile imitator, Edmund Binsfeld. A talk in behalf of the Round Table Study Club was the educational part of the mission program. In closing, the Rev. Moderator, Fr. Knue, expressed his wishes for success during the present term, then in conclusion he asked each and every member to do his best in the event of aiding the Missions.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

In the course of the past few weeks the Rookies have been, as it were, placed on probation and, to say the least, have been subjected to real tests of their ability to prove themselves worthy members. While the method of installation was in order, the lights were suddenly extinguished, and out of the dim, forgotten past the Spirit of the Raleigh Club stalked into the meeting to the consternation of the old members and to the terror of the Rookies. His visit, however, was carried out in a friendly manner with the older members while the applicants were instructed as to the manner of deportment required of them.

until they should be duly initiated. Of course, the one item of special interest for prospective Raleigh Club members during the coming days is the ceremony of initiation.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

When, in by-gone days of the summer of nineteen hundred and thirty, it was announced that Father Henry Lucks had been chosen Choir Director to succeed Father Eugene Omlor, whose untiring efforts have placed the choir upon a standing that is to be envied, the music department of 1930-'31 was unofficially opened.

With the arrival of September and the return of that nerve-racking, troublesome class bell, the music department was officially opened. Strange, weird noises again echoed through the second floor of the gymnasium and Professor Tonner could again be seen rushing to and fro wearing an anxious and perplexed frown.

Quite a number of students were baffled beyond expression when some twelve of their class-mates left the college at an early hour on Sunday, October the twelfth. Some conjectured that passes to some dozen different cities had been kindly donated by the Reverend Rector; while others suggested an escapade of which the Prefect was ignorant; but the return of the twelve about six that evening proved that the first conclusion was false, as did the prefect's smiling countenance disprove the second. In reality, a picked choir, consisting of three quartettes, together with Father Lucks and Professor Tonner journeyed to Winamac, Indiana to furnish the music

for the dedication of St. Peter's Church. Anyone who was privileged to 'listen in' on one of the practices will verify the statement that the music for the occasion was 'par excellent,' as was proved on the feast of Christ the King when the same Mass of the Immaculate Conception was rendered at the College. Again, on the feast of All Saints, an excellent example of careful practise was illustrated when the Junior and Senior choirs combined to sing the Missa Liturgica in a manner long to be remembered at Collegeville.

"What passion," says Dryden in his Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, "cannot music raise and quell?"—— From the light, tripping notes of Moszkowski's famous serenade to the grace and beauty of Beethoven's everlasting Minuet in G, to the galloping, stirring rhythm of Von Suppe's Light Cavalry Overture went the orchestra, under the direction of Professor Paul Toner in the musical part of the Columbus Day program. It was the orchestra's initial appearance of the year, and if any truth can be found in the statement that "well begun is half done," the orchestra of 1930-'31 should likewise end in the blaze of glory so fittingly referred to by one of the speakers on the same program.


To say that the Serenade and Minuet in G were well executed and appreciated is failing to give a group of approximately thirty musicians the credit due them, yet it was thoroughly evident that the Light Cavalry Overture was the hit of the evening. It was remarked by many who have a right to know that many a day has passed since the orchestra received such applause as was given at the end of the Overture.

To date little has been heard of the band, and

consequently little consideration has been given it, but it is rumored that the first appearance of this organization is not far in the distance,—“and then,” say the members, “just watch 'em sit up and take notice.”

The Music Department in its quiet, but effective way is progressing by leaps and bounds. The number of students taking music this year is far in excess of last year's number; the choir, although composed of much new material and noticeably weak in the first tenor section, bids fair to eclipse the songsters of other years; the orchestra, whose string section is more complete than it has been in the last few years, but which is lacking in the brass section also promises to be a 'best bet' with St. Joe students.

And thus it goes, each one trying, striving to master his favorite instrument—to make it a living, speaking being; keeping ever in mind the motto left by the class of '30—“AD ASTRA PER ASPERA.”



ALUMNI NOTES

“Receiving the Collegian monthly is just like hearing from home.” “At no cost would I wish to miss a single copy of your high-class college journal.” “I take pleasure in climbing on the ‘Collegian’ bandwagon for the year 1930-'31.” “Even in the Kentucky hills we want to know what is going on in the ‘Plains of Indiana’.”

We might continue quoting from letters received from enthusiastic Alumni to the extent of several

pages, but space requires that the few given must suffice.

In glozing over the subscription list of the Collegian, it is a real pleasure to us to note the many names of Alumni that are filed there. We find names in fact that reach back to the opening days of St. Joseph's, and among these names there are those which mark the leaders in graduation classes, cheerleaders, athletic managers, football captains, C. L. S. stars, oratory champions, campus fans, local loud speakers or almost anything of the kind that could make them prominent, but, nevertheless, definitely individual.

Rarely it happens that a student spends several years at an institution without becoming thoroughly identified with some one or other local activity. From such identification he is liable to acquire an appellation or a special name the mere mention of which may be a source of amusement. How often does it not happen that the recalling of some choice nickname will make a person laugh—yes, almost squeal? A host of queer, but pleasant memories urge themselves upon the mind all at once as soon as some such significant nickname is pronounced. Reminiscence truly plays tricks with the soul. After all, what is an Alumnus? Well, he is the overgrown son of this or that Alma Mater who would enjoy heartily to pull the pranks which formed part of his college education if only he did not have to fear that he would be taken to an asylum or to jail. Yet there are other characteristics of an Alumnus that outstrip mere trivialities of life by far, and make him a genuine asset to the institution from which he hails as well as a worth-while item in that part of the world in which he lives. It is this side of the life of an Alumnus that any Alma Mater most enjoys, and it is for this

reason that an Alumnus should allow himself to be seen or at least heard from occasionally. He can always make himself heard through the medium of the Alumni Notes in the journal published by the students of the school where he, too, at one time was a student.

The students of St. Joseph's have reasons to thank the Alumni for the very loyal support that has come from them by way of subscribing to the Collegian. With their continued support a larger and better Collegian will be made possible.

As an item of interest we offer the news, and that very gladly, that the Rev. Ferdinand Hoorman, C. PP. S. has come to be a novelist. "Just off the press," so the add says, "comes the novel entitled 'Rivals on the Ridge' by Rev. F. Hoorman". Former students will recall that Father Hoorman was local spiritual director, and as such proved to be an amiable, sincere, and purposeful man. We earnestly hope that the success of "Rivals on the Ridge" will urge Father Hoorman to further endeavors along literary lines. He is an Alumnus of '15.

It will be equally interesting to the readers of this column to know that the Rev. Albert Kaiser, C. PP. S., Alumnus of '14, has recently become known as the author of a rather profound work entitled "God With Us". There is no doubt in our minds that the host of enthusiastic readers who will welcome this volume will induce the author to give further proof of his ability.

Since the books aforementioned come from the pens of members of The St. Joseph's Alumni Association, there can be no doubt but that local students as well as Alumni in general will be glad to read them.

Thanksgiving is accompanied by thoughts of thankfulness for many blessings. Don't forget to be thankful that you are an Alumnus of St. Joseph's.



Aside from studies, there are so many earthly affairs that fill the minds of the people at Collegeville that little, if any time at all, is given to the observation and contemplation of the natural beauties which surround the St. Joe metropolis. At present, football is about to reach its zenith, and it is no wonder that the mind of the average collegian risks the danger of forming itself into the shape of a football because of the unusual amount of mental effort devoted to that particular sport.

Much, indeed, has been done by human effort to beautify the lawns, terraces and groves; but only the Creator injects that certain something into natural growth which we call "beauty". Do we, who are engulfed by nature, ever stop to look for this beauty? In the daily run of life, do we ever pause for a moment,—just for a moment—to behold the innumerable changes in the trees, the sky, and in the very atmosphere?

We must look for this beauty. Then we shall discover not only the beauty but also the infinite variety of nature. We shall find that no two leaves on the same tree and no two blades of grass are identical.

Probably at no other time of the year is the universal law, that all things natural must die—more plainly revealed in nature than during this season of Autumn. Yet, even as we contemplate nature in her dying mood, we cannot refrain from terming her last breath a thing of beauty, worthy of our time and admiration.

Stop, look, listen! Behold the same sources of inspiration that produced "Trees", "Thanatopsis" and hundreds of other nature poems. A single tree contained sufficient contemplation to raise the heart of Joyce Kilmer to his God:

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

Listen, and hear the same melodies in the rustle of the leaves, and the sigh of the winds that Rubenstein heard when he composed his Melody in F.

On September 27, Rev. Albin Scheidler, C. PP. S., entertained a troupe of nature lovers. The visit was sponsored by the Rainbow Garden Club of Rensselaer, Indiana, of which the Rev. C. W. Postill is the president. We sincerely hope that the autumnal beauties of Collegeville satisfied, at least in some degree, the noble quest of the Club. Come again and see St. Joseph's in her winter, spring, and summer frocks!

It has been a long time since the walls of the auditorium resounded with a more pleasing, tender, and beautiful voice than that of Mr. Jurian Hoekstra, the eminent American baritone. His coming was, indeed, "a notable event of the school year", and the "Songs of Youth" will be long remembered.

With the opening number of the recital, "Friend O'Mine", Mr. Hoekstra really succeeded in befriending his audience. Then followed a group of Kipling songs: "Mother O'Mine", "The Camel's Hump", and "Trumpeteer". "My Daddy Wiolds a Shingle" probably would have had a greater tone of familiarity with his listeners than did "My Mother Wiolds a Shingle". This may be a matter of personal taste and it is left to the individual to make a choice.

Effecting a true and pleasing Negro dialect, Mr. Hoekstra also sang a group of Negro Spirituals. The manner in which he interpreted "Listen" transported his listeners into a different world. "Ain't It a Shame!"—a selection from this group—seems to have made a "hit" with most of the local songsters because more than once during the day that familiar refrain is heard to ring through halls at forbidden times. Naturally, all the students join in singing: "Oh, ain't it a shame! When there is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday; ain't it a shame that we do not hear Mr. Hoekstra more often!"

October thirteenth was marked on the calendar as the second town day of the year. The old famous Christopher Columbus was responsible for this auspicious day. Even the Weather Man proved to be a good sport and graciously provided ideal weather conditions for the removal of coats and hats. Gus Bishop, alias August, claimed that "The Virginian" was the best all-talkie he had seen in a long time. The reason for this statement is that "The Virginian" is a picture of life in cowboy land.

On October seventeenth, the Collegian sponsored a "supposed-to-be-all-talkie," "Byrd at the South Pole". The Business Manager of the Collegian certainly is to be complimented on his choice of movies. The vitaphone again happened to be on the "blink", but that detracted little from the absorbing interest of the picture. On this occasion the Raleigh Quartette,—Fred Cardinali, Mick Byrne, Jim Conroy and D. DeMars—made its debut and in the fashion of an excellent quartette entertained the crowd between acts.

Note: It is with apologies to Mr. Victor Pax, former Local Editor, that we, the Local Editors of 1930-31, make use of the Disjointed Press Service

with slight variations. It is our ambition to continue recording the History of the Collegevilleian Wars with the same degree of accuracy and historical insight as did the former Editor of Locals.

FIRST WAR ENDED—PEACE DECLARED

(Disjointed Press Service)

Collegeville, Ind., Oct. 25, 1930. The reign of terror that held sway in this city since October 22, was broken today since the cause of the terror was removed. On the following day, October 26, when the official bulletin was posted, all doubts concerning another such uprising in the near future was "magna cum speedo" dismissed from the minds of all.

Those who have withstood the questioning and have merited honor are:

Sixth Year: T. Rieman 95 1-7; J. Shaw 94 4-7; T. Clayton 94 3-8; L. Cross 93 5-7; R. Boker 93 3-7; J. Maloney 93 2-7.

Fifth Year: C. Maloney 96 4-7; R. Nieset 95 6-7; F. Cardinali 92 4-7; H. Schnurr 92 1-7; J. Forwith 92 1-7; A. Leiker 91 5-7.

Fourth Year: M. Vichuras 91; B. Glick 90 2-7; W. Egolf 90 1-2; C. Robbins 89 3-4; R. Dery 89 1-4.

Third Year: T. Buren 97 1-2; W. McKune 96 5-7; J. Allgeier 96 2-7; A. Horrigan 96 1-6; J. Jacobs 95 1-2.

Second Year: E. Hession 97; J. Klinker 96; V. Herman 93; R. Steinhauser 93; G. Roth 91 3-5; A. Suelzer 91 1-2.

First Year: C. Gundlach 99 4-5; A. Ottenweller 98 2-5; G. Meyer 96 4-5; D. Muldoon 96; F. Ernst 95 2-5; L. Arata 95 1-5.

After any of the quarterly examinations, good resolutions are always in place. Some students find

it extremely difficult to form such resolutions, and for that reason we here submit "The Genesis of a Good Resolution" taken from the Collegian of November 1908: "(I), a cornfield, a watermelon patch; a ripe watermelon; a little boy, a great hunger; a stolen feast, gluttony. (II) A bed; a sick boy; a fond mother, a bitter dose; a quick recovery. (III) A confession; an angry father; a wood-shed; a long stick; a few blows; a series of howls; a painful sensation; a cushion; remorse; a good resolution."

NEWS ABOUT THE SENIORS!

The Grads finally awoke to the fact that action makes for progress, when on the eve of All Saints our Very Rev. Rector, Father J. B. Kenkel called to order the first official meeting of the Senior Class. At this gathering, the Class elected as its president, Bela Szemetko, and as its secretary, Leonard Cross.

For further news concerning the Seniors, watch this column of the Local Department!

Recent visitors at the college were: Rev. J. A. McCarthy, Lafayette, Ind; Rev. J. Baker, Remington, Ind; Rev. I. Stadherr, C. PP. S., and Rev. C. Ernst, C. PP. S., Whiting, Ind; Rev. C. Daniels, C. PP. S., Sedalia, Mo; Rev. B. Holler, C. PP. S., Pulaski, Ind; Rev. L. Sponar, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O; Rev. V. Meager, C. PP. S., St. Joe, Mo; Rev. S. Weigand, C. PP. S., Winamac, Ind; Rev. R. Schmans, C. PP. S., St. Rosa, O; Rev. A. Kohne, Hammond, Ind; Rev. G. Scheidler, Holton, Ind; Rev. F. Rothermel, Kentland, Ind; Rev. R. Donnelly, Rev. J. Costello and Rev. J. Schaeffer, Gary, Ind; Rev. R. Halpin, Kokomo, Ind; Rev. C. Reed, Delphi, Ind; Rev. N. Greiwe, C. PP. S., Rensselaer, Ind.

Mr. C. Hession, Lafayette, Ind; Mr. J. LaMere, East Chicago; Mr. G. Hagstrom, Chicago; Messrs. Aloys and Robert Partee, Milwaukee; Mr. G. Sindelar; Mr. E. Boxberger and Mr. W. Luley, Fort Wayne, Ind; Mr. F. Boehnlein, Mishawaka, Ind; Mr. F. Weir, Monroe, Mich.

IN MEMORIAM

When a comparatively small man, holding a small position in life passes away, the few with whom he did come into contact, nevertheless, feel the loss. Such was the case when Mr. Edward Barnard died on October 4. Mr. Barnard was a resident at Collegeville for thirty years,—from 1900 to 1903 as a student, and from 1903 till the time of his death as an employee of the College. He filled his position in life, serving the College more in the spirit of a benefactor, than in the spirit of an employee. On this account his name will receive a well merited place in the annals of his Alma Mater.

The funeral services were held on October 7 in the College Chapel. Rev. Albin Scheidler, C. PP. S. celebrated a Solemn Requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. Rufus Esser, C. PP. S., and Rev. Camillus Lutkemeier, C. PP. S., deacon and subdeacon respectively. Rev. Sylvester Ley, C. PP. S. acted as master of ceremonies. After the absolution and final obsequies held by the president of the college, Very Rev. J. B. Kenkel, C. PP. S., Mr. Barnard was buried in the parish cemetery.

The faculty and students sincerely condole with the Rev. R. Landoll, C. PP. S., a professor of St. Joseph's College, in the recent death of his beloved father.

To Howard Hoover, who recently lost a brother

by death, and to Arthur Reineck, whose father passed away, the students and the Collegian Staff extend heart felt sympathy. Mr. Arthur Reineck was a former assistant business manager of the Collegian,

INTERRUPTION

The day is done;
Another sun
Has passed away.

A sky of light
With stars all bright
Has followed day.

While moonbeams shine
Upon the vine
With ghostly ray,

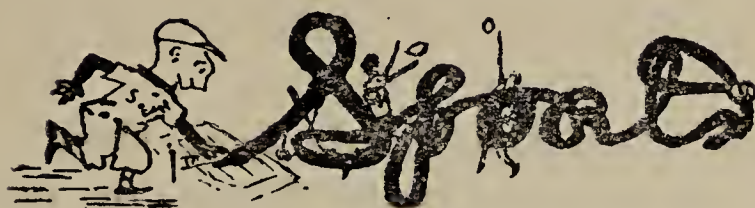
The golden fields
Take silver shields,
And wait the fray;

And buildings bare
In starlight stare,
In mild dismay.

The fight is on!
But hark! The dawn!
All flee away.

J. Wittkofski '31

The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed.—Chamfort.



SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Tie	Pct.
Sixths -----	2	0	0	1000
Fifths -----	2	0	0	1000
Fourths -----	1	1	0	500
Thirds -----	0	2	0	000
Seconds -----	0	2	0	000

SIXTHS, 50; THIRDS, 0

"Ye good old King Football" arrived at St. Joseph's College on Sunday afternoon, September 28, as per schedule. The setting was arranged for his reception, with the goal posts in place and the officials arrayed in the very latest of duck trousers—but somehow, somewhere, things didn't click just right. To come out in plain words, the coronation ceremonies at our local football inaugural were everything else but "royal." The epitaph at the head of this obituary tells the reason "why" quite plainly and needs no further explanation.

It is a generally accepted fact, however, that even at funerals there are some lights, and so we might accordingly concede that the particular one under immediate discussion was not entirely devoid of the presence of the candle-bearing gentry. They were, in fact, well represented in the persons of Messrs. Cross, Dreiling, Tatar, Duray, Kraff, Bucher and Maloney, who by their touchdowns, did much to lighten the funeral atmosphere of the afternoon—at least, for the Sixths. Jim Maloney particularly showed to advantage as a new man at the fullback

position, making two touchdowns in his backfield debut.

As mourners, the Thirds filled their jobs quite creditably. They allowed things to move along smoothly enough until the last quarter of play when for some reason or other they bucked up and before anybody could breathe twice they had made two first downs in a row. They certainly are to be commended for their show of spirit—at this late stage of the game—but as subsequent events showed, their little rally proved ineffectual. Bud De Mars, playing his usual bang-up game at half, gave another proof of his title to the reputation as a “vicious defence man.” Altieri, a new man at the quarterback job gives promise of big things and accordingly deserves a good deal of encouragement. The little fellow ran his team like a veteran.

The list of players participating in the initial game of the 1930 season follows in order:

SIXTHS: Shaw, L. E.; Szemetko, L. T.; Joubert, L. G.; Clayton, C.; Hoorman, R. G.; Bishop, R. T.; J. Maloney, R. E.; Popham, R. H.; Cross, L. H.; Dreiling, F.; Herod, Q. THIRDS: Fontana, L. E.; Holley, L. T.; Palone, L. G.; Forsee, C.; Van Oss, R. G.; Rager, R. T.; Miller, R. E.; Rostetter, R. H.; De Mars, L. H.; Scheidler, F.; Altieri, Q.

Substitutions: SIXTHS—Tatar for Herod, Maloney for Dreiling, Duray for Cross, Rieman for Duray, Bucher for Popham, Kraff for Shaw, Bihn for Bucher, Wuest for Clayton, Langhals for Szemetko, Vorst for Joubert. THIRDS—De Cocker for Holley, Elder for De Mars, Cook for Miller, English for Rager, Horrigan for Fontana.

Referee—Wirtz. Umpire—Follmar. Head Linesman—La Noue.

FOURTHS, 38; SECONDS, 0

The Seconds had only one string of men on their squad to put in against the Fourths, but even that was too good. That is, it was too good for the Fourths, for not only did it permit the Fourth-year backs to make long gains around the end and through the line, but it often obligingly gave them the ball by fumbling it or passing it into their hands.

The game was still young when Mike Vichuras, quarterback for the Fourths, picked one of those passes out of the air and assisted by good interference ran sixty yards to make the first touchdown. While most of the spectators were still wondering whether or not Bubala's dropkick for the extra point counted—which by the way was a close counter—Mike went over the goal line for the second touchdown. This time the touchdown was made on a quarterback sneak after the ball had been carried within scoring distance by Altweis, Bubala, and Besanceney. These first markers were only the beginning of a scoring streak which the Fourths continued throughout the whole game.

Though their use of an aerial attack cost the Seconds a touchdown in the early part of the game, it did prove a good ground gainer and in fact their only ground gainer during the remainder of the game, save for the couple end-runs made by Lammers, who by the way was at the receiving end of most of Stockberger's passes. Stockberger did a fairly good job at passing for the Seconds, but his defence work like that of Devine and Steinhauser was more effective.

That the Fourths easily outplayed the Seconds is evident from the score aforementioned. The Seconds, however, despite the fact that they were out-

played, showed the undercurrent of fight and resistance that deserves credit.

Lineup: Fourths—Dwyer, R. E.; Riedlinger, R. T.; Kemp, R. G.; Follmar, C.; Frye, L. G.; Kleman, L. T.; Boarman, L. E.; Bubala, R. H.; Altweis, (C.) L. H.; Besanceney, F. B. Seconds—Bock, R. E.; Leuterman, R. T.; Glynn, R. G.; Budzin, C.; Gensle, L. G.; Volk, L. T.; Biven, L. E.; Stockberger, (C.) R. H.; Devine, L. H.; Steinhauser, F. B.; Lammers, Q.

Substitutions: Fourths—Fullenkamp for Riedlinger, Lenk for Kemp, Balster for Follmar, Selhorst for Kleman, Nasser for Boarman, Krieter for Bubala, Heilman for Nasser, Staudt for Selhorst, Hurlow for Ziegler, Wurm for Lenk, Moorman for Fullenkamp. Seconds—Glynn for Volk, Blommer for Gensle.

Officials: Wirtz, referee; Strasser, umpire; La Noue, linesman.

FIFTHS, 46; THIRDS, 0

Paced by Blommer, who by his long end runs made three of their seven touchdowns, the Fifths played a dashing and a smashing and a sidestepping brand of football to renew their old reputation of being "a fast and fighting team." The game from beginning to end was one continual fight with the playing of the Fifths easily overshadowing that of the Thirds. Piling up forty-six points, the Fifths gave to the Thirds exactly nothing in return, at least in reference to points. But in reality the Thirds did receive something, namely, the cold shoulder and an icy look which should have proved refreshing anyway, since the game was played on a torridly hot day. That the Thirds were really refreshed may be deduced from the fact that more than once they tightened up enough to hold the Fifths within scoring distance for three

downs only to have Blommer carry the ball on the fourth down for a touchdown. La Noue, Vichuras, and Wirtz also carried the ball for long gains which resulted in touchdowns. The outstanding players on the line were Stasser, and Siebeneck, the latter, intercepting a pass of the Thirds about two minutes before the final whistle, ran twenty yards to make the last touchdown.

In their second attempt at playing a team altogether out of their division, the Thirds showed a marked improvement over their first attempt. Credit for their defence work must be given to De Cocker, Elder, Forsee, and De Mars.

Lineup: Fifths—Strasser, L. E.; Parr, L. T.; Mallifski, L. G.; Novak, C.; Iffert, R. G.; Siebeneck, R. T.; Kohler, R. E.; La Noue, (C.) R. H.; Vichuras, L. H.; Wirtz, F.; Blommer, Q. Thirds—Altieri, (C.) L. E.; Holley, L. T.; Van Oss, L. G.; Forsee, C.; Palone, R. G.; English, R. T.; Rostetter, R. E.; Miller, R. H.; Horrigan, L. H.; Scheidler, F.; De Mars, Q.

Substitutions: Fifths—Gollner for Parr, Gyuris for Iffert, Lefko for Kohler, Nardecchia for Wirtz, Wittkofski for Gyuris, Malone for Gollner. Thirds—Rager for English, Reinwiler for Van Oss, Cook for Holley, Naughton for De Mars, Elder for Horrigan, De Cocker for Scheidler.

Officials: Herod, referee; Tatar, umpire; Kirchner, linesman.

FIFTHS, 7; FOURTHS, 0

The Fifths were doped to win their tussle with the Seniors in the High School division by a nice little margin according to local football critics. Now that the football game under present discussion is a bit of history these same critics have, of necessity,

been compelled completely to reverse their predictions and to say with the weatherman that unforeseen circumstances had so changed actual conditions that the content of the forecast was nullified. Of course, the Fifths won but their margin was so little that it quite took their breath away. In a word, the Fourths by their first-class defensive work, although beaten as far as the score goes, have established a name for themselves as a first-class football attraction in local sport circles.

The Fifths, always an aggressive and speedy team, outplayed their opponents in the offensive part of the game enough to pocket the winnings in the end, but as far as defence goes the two teams must declare an even break. Led by the superb playing of Follmar at the center position, Riedlinger, Follmar, M. Vichuras and Dwyer, not to mention Besanceney, hung on like so many bulldogs, and did much towards making the Fourths look real good. Mike Vichuras particularly played one heady game at quarter and added a bit of color by intercepting one of the Fifths' passes and by advancing the ball by a neat run of twenty yards to the 35-yard line of his opponents.

Conroy, Strasser, and Siebeneck for the Fifths took no back seat for their defence work on the line and contributed their bit towards making the game the most interesting so far of the current season. The whole backfield for the College Freshmen functioned in big league style with La Noue and Blommer holding the box seats. For his fight and spectacular ball-toting La Noue especially afforded the fans some real entertainment and in the opinion of the present writer holds the laurels for the day. Incidentally Blommer made the only touchdown of the game.

Lineup: Fifths—Conroy, R. E.; Siebeneck, R.

T.; Parr, R. G.; Cardinali, C.; Storch, L. G.; Leiker, L. T.; Strasser, L. E.; La Noue, R. H.; Vichuras, L. H.; Wirtz, F.; Blommer, Q. Fourths—Dwyer, R. E.; Riedlinger, R. T.; Frye, R. G.; Follmar, C.; Lenk, L. G.; Kemp, L. T.; Boarman, L. E.; Bubala, R. H.; Krieter, L. H.; Besanceney, F.; M. Vichuras, Q.

Substitutions: Fifths—Byrne for Conroy, Kohler for Strasser, Iffert for Storch, Hoover for La Noue. Fourths—Moorman for Boarman, Missler for Kemp, Kleman for Frye, Altweis for Krieter.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Tie	Pct.
Midgets -----	2	0	0	1000
Trojans -----	1	1	0	500
Iron Horses -----	0	2	0	000

MIDGETS, 12; TROJANS, 0

Not many of the smaller students were on the North Campus watching the Senior game on October 5, for the very good reason that they were on the South Campus giving King Football a big hand as he ushered in the first game of the Junior League. In this game Coach Nardecchia's Midgets defeated Coach Conroy's Trojans by the score of 12-0. Though many of the players never took part in a real game of football before, they gave the fans a good demonstration of pigskin technique. Zirnheld, Gannon and Sheehan did considerable ground gaining for the Midgets; the latter making both touchdowns. Sabo and Newton showed up well on the line. For the Trojans, Leitner, Berg, O'Donnell and Heydinger were the outstanding players.

TROJANS, 6; IRON HORSES, 0

On October 13, Coach Conroy's Trojans, showing a decided improvement over their initial tussle with the Midgets the previous Sunday, won from the Iron Horses to the tune of 6-0.

Peterworth at fullback did some real first-class line-plunging to make the only touchdown of the game and, together with Berg, was the big shot for the Trojans offensively. Heydinger and Foos displayed real ability at the tackle positions and to a large extent may receive credit for the victory.

For the losers, Cloys at Left Half appeared, both by his defensive and offensive work, to be in line for any laurels that might be given to Coach La Noue's Iron Horses.

MIDGETS, 13; IRON HORSES, 0

The Midgets, even though most of them never experienced the feeling which comes from sitting on a horse, rode the Iron Horses to a 13-0 victory. It all happened in a game that would cause many mothers to walk a mile at least to keep their "sonny boys" from playing so rough. Sheehan, star fullback for the Midgets, was easily the best jockey of his team. Bloemer, Zernheld, Gannon and Elder also aided in the drive for the goal. For the Iron horses, Spalding and Cloys did some excellent work.

Long life is denied us; therefore let us do something to show that we have lived.—Cicero.

The decline of literature indicates the decline of the nation. The two keep pace in their downward tendency.—Goethe.

Humor

by
Cephalopod



Customer: Give me some of that prepared monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid.

Druggist: Do you mean aspirin?

Customer: Yeh! I never can think of that name.

"Darling, in the moonlight your teeth are like pearls."

"Oh, indeed! And when were you in the moonlight with Pearl?"

Student: Don't you think we have some orchestra?

Visitor: I beg your pardon.

Student: Isn't that REAL music?

Visitor: I'm very sorry, but there is so much racket that I can't hear you.

Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear glasses, yet look at the way she placed our ears!

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,
And watched with expression pained
The milkman's stunts and they both said at once,
"Our relations are getting strained."

She: How dare you, with your scandalous past, propose to me? It wouldn't take much for me to throw you downstairs and turn the dogs on you!

He: Am I to take that as a refusal?

Cop: Who was driving when you hit that car?

Drunk (triumphantly): None of us, we was all sittin' in the back seat.

Gibson: I want to buy a pencil.

Clerk: Hard or soft?

Squirrel-food: Hard; it's for a stiff exam.

He: I could go on loving you like this forever!

She: Oh, go on!

Patron: Here's a piece of rubber tire in my hash!

Waiter: No doubt. The motor is displacing the horse everywhere.

A motorist, meeting a negro trudging along the dusty road, generously offered him a lift.

"No, thank you, sah," said the old man. "Ah reckon mah ole laigs will take me along fast enough."

"Aren't afraid, are you, uncle? Have you ever been in an automobile?"

"Neveh but once, sah, and den Ah didn't let all mah weight down."

A stout woman drove up to a filling station; "I want two quarts of oil," she said.

"What kind, heavy?" asked the attendant.

"Say, young man, don't get fresh with me," was the indignant response.

Captain (to gunner): See that man on the bridge five miles away?

Gunner: Yes, sir.

Captain: Let him have the 12-inch in the eye.

Gunner: Which eye, sir?

Then there is the Scotch motorist who waits for a hot day before he'll buy gas because he heard that things expand with heat.

"Doctor, I can't sleep."

"Drink a glass of whiskey every half-hour throughout the night."

"Will that make me sleep?"

"I don't know, but it will make the time pass more pleasantly."

Popham (bragging about ancestry): Yes, my father sprang from a line of peers.

Yicks: Did he drown?

Big Gus: Heard the insect song?

Little Gus: Naw. Spill it.

Big Gus: Little White Lice.

First Shark: What's that funny two-legged thing that just fell into the water?

Second Shark: Dunno, but I'll bite.

Doctor: You are working too hard.

Patient: I know it, but it is the only way I can keep up on the easy payments.

JUST IT

"Though better papers I have seen

I like my college magazine;

The jokes are rank—the lit's not smart,

The drawings are the worst of art,

But still there's something in the stuff

That makes me like it though it's rough."

Boys, make it a point to patronize the firms that advertise in this edition. They are all known in their line for reliability and fair dealings.

WORDEN & KELLER

Restaurant and Fountain Service

Most for your Money

PHILIP J. FRECHETTE

"Quality Candies Priced Right"

Our Complete Line Carried by

COLLEGEVILLE CANDY COMPANY

St. Joe Students

Enjoy your refreshments and
hear the Atwater Kent Radio

at

LONG'S DRUG STORE

You Are Always Welcome

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Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

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